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# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 16.

AUGUST 15, 1899.

Vol. XXXIV.

HOLINESS  
TO THE  
LORD

• DESIGNED  
FOR THE  
ADVANCEMENT  
OF THE  
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.  
CANNON  
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE  
CITY.  
UTAH •

PUBLISHED  
SEMI-MONTHLY



TREE DWELLINGS OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

GEO. H. B.

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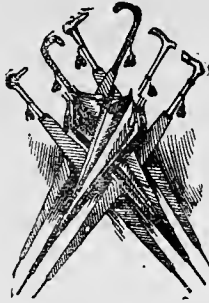
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IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1899.

#### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:05 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Mantí, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points.....	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points.....	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West.....	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West.....	9:45 p. m.
No. 42—For Park City.....	5:25 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and West.....	12:30 p. m.

#### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:30 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:55 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Mantí and intermediate points.....	5:35 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West.....	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West.....	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points.....	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at.....	6:45 p. m.
No. 10—From Ogden and intermediate points.....	8:10 p. m.

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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIV.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1899.

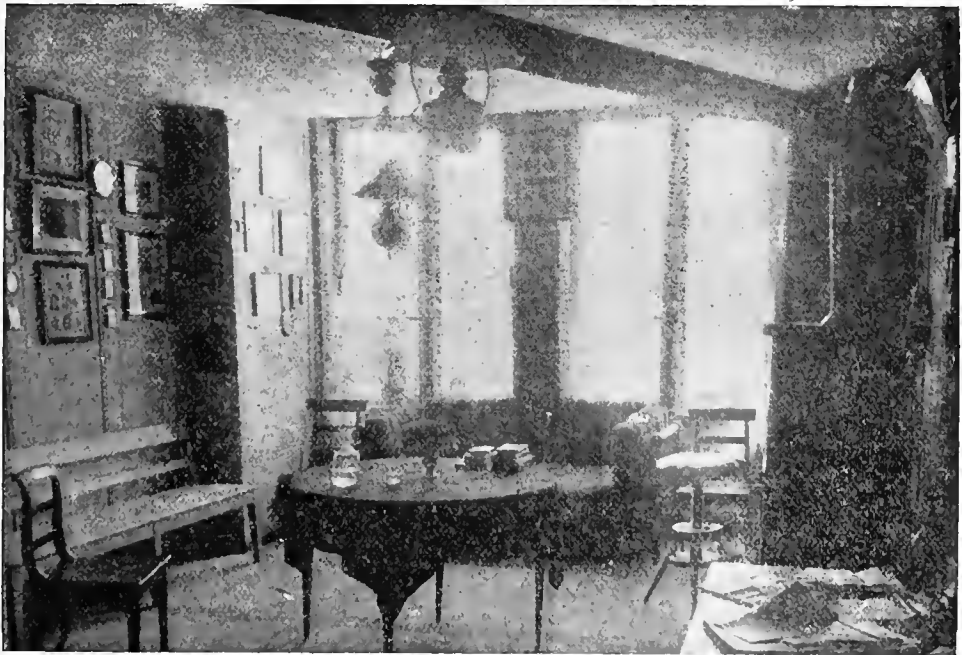
No. 16.

## SCENES IN BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

AMONG readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR are many who have themselves fulfilled a mission in Switzerland and

room that was used as mission headquarters for many years.

Switzerland was one of the earliest foreign countries to which the Gospel in this dispensation was carried, and it has



MISSION HEADQUARTERS, BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Germany, and many more who have relatives or friends who have labored in those countries as missionaries. The accompanying picture will be of interest to all such readers, for it represents the

certainly proven a prolific field of labor. It is a republic, and the fullest freedom of worship is guaranteed. The laws are generous, and the people are liberty-loving. Hence there have been few ob-

stacles to the proclaiming of the message which the Elders bore, and the mountains and valleys of the little land have been thoroughly traversed by our brethren in search of the honest in heart.

It is only lately that the Swiss and German mission was divided, with separate headquarters at Berne and Hamburg respectively.

Formerly the Elders in Germany, as well as those who were occasionally called to labor in Austria, Italy and France, reported to the office in Berne. As already stated, this office for many years was at 36 Postgasse, and a picture of the room is here given. At the right of the picture are the secretary's desk and stool, beyond the stove or oven. The bay window occupying the center overlooks the clear and swift and beautiful little river Aare, with grass and wood-covered hills rolling away backward from its rocky shore. The left of the picture, beneath the photographs, is where the president of the mission used to have his seat and desk, and where, when night came, he made his humble bed. It was usual to hold Sunday School and meetings here on Sundays, when the room would be filled with benches and chairs; and many a young Elder, with timid words and perhaps in a stammering attempt to use a language he was beginning to learn, delivered his first sermon and first bore his testimony to the truth which he had received. Nearly every Elder who ever labored in the mission

has contributed his photograph to the collection, and among these could be seen many who have since achieved prominence in various lines of public life, while some beloved ones have passed to the long sleep of death.

Another picture accompanying this



MARKT GASSE, BERNE.

article represents Markt Gasse, or Market street, in Berne. It is a scene that will call to the minds of all missionaries and tourists who have visited this little republic, recollections of the habits and customs of the people of that country.



All who have visited the city have noticed the frequent occurrence of the bear, the heraldic emblem of the city. As the ibis was to the ancient Egyptians, so the bear is to the modern Bernese. Not only are live, active bears kept at the expense of the municipality in the Barne Graben, (bear's den), but figures of them ornament the public buildings and monuments, and the numerous fountains are adorned with statues of them. The most singular is the Kindlifresser (Child eater) fountain. It is surmounted by a grotesque figure of a bear in the act of devouring a child, while several others doomed to the same fate protrude from his pocket and girdle. No doubt many a Swiss child has had his cries lushed by reference to this bear.

In the picture here presented can be seen the Clock tower. It, too, is honored by the presence of Bruin and at certain times of the day it attracts a great many people. On the side of the tower facing Markt Gasse a whole troupe of bears go through a performance two minutes before every hour. At three minutes before the hour a wooden cock gives the signal by clapping its wings and crowing. The bears then march round a seated figure; and a harlequin indicates the number of the hour by striking a bell. The cock then repeats his signal, and when the hour strikes, the seated figure, an old man with a long beard, turns an hour glass and counts the hour by raising his scepter and opening his mouth, while the bear on his right does the same by indications of his head. At the same time a stone figure in the tower above strikes the hour on a bell with a hammer. The cock concludes the performance by crowing for the third time.

The entire city is interesting and

picturesque. Its antiquity and its admirable location, with the splendid scenery of the vicinity, make it a popular point with continental tourists; and I hope that many of my still youthful readers will themselves have an opportunity some time of visiting and enjoying it.

C.

---

### THE BOY AND THE BEAR.

---

"I SAY, Dan Taylor," said Adam Forepaugh to the superintendent of his winter quarters, "what boy is that I see around here so much, in and out of the buildings?" Before a reply could be made the old showman continued, "First thing you know he'll get hurt in the workshops or animal-buildings, and then there'll be a damage suit to settle, fighting his folks in the court, and both time and money lost."

"That boy's parents will never trouble you if he gets a leg broke or his head is bit off by the lions or tigers," responded the superintendent, as soon as he got an opportunity to speak.

"Why so?" asked the manager, at the same time surmising the answer.

"Ain't got none," replied Taylor, who was a rough but kind-hearted man. "The little chap sells papers, and shifts for himself the best he can. He used to live with an aunt of his, but she and her husband both got in a shiftless and a drinking way, and the boy does better without them."

"Don't say!" came from the old showman, and taking it as a query, Taylor continued,

"We've taken a fancy to the boy, Mr. Forepaugh—the help about the build-ings. Last pay-night we fitted him out

with shoes and a supply of stockings, and what do you think the kid said?"

"Couldn't tell."

"Said that he would accept the assistance as a loan. Did 'pon my word."

"Got the right stuff in him," remarked Forepaugh.

"Next Saturday night we are going to chip in an' get him warm under-clothes, and by the next week we are going to put in for a suit of clothes."

The millionaire recalled his own early struggles as a butcher-boy, and as he listened he singled out a five-dollar bill from a roll of notes and interrupted the relation with,

"This will hurry along the suit of clothes."

"I say, Mr. Forepaugh," began the superintendent, as he placed the bank-note in his pocket-book, quite sure that the favor he was about to ask would be granted, "I wish you would let Bob—that's his name—sleep in the animal quarters. It's good and warm there."

"W-e-l-l," hesitated Forepaugh, who had issued strict orders against hangers-on about the winter quarters by day or night.

"Certainly couldn't do any hurt," persisted the superintendent.

"All right, all right, so long as he behaves himself," consented the manager, and then he hurried off to make his usual twice-a-day rounds of the quarters. Arrived at the animal quarters, he found something to complain of. Addressing his brother, who was in charge of the menagerie, he asked, "Why isn't that big performing bear kept in its cage, as I have ordered several times?"

"Because," replied Jack Forepaugh, the boss animal-man, "the big brute goes almost crazy with the confinement—"

"Does, eh?" interposed the manager.

"Well, I don't want him running around loose. Just see that he is fastened in one of those hay animal's stalls."

"All right," responded Jack.

"And say, Jack," resumed the manager, turning on his heel, "I want the men to stop fooling with that performing, boxing and wrestling bear; it's not good for the bear, and by-and-by he'll be getting ugly and turning on them."

"Ugly enough now," remarked Jack, "but it seems as if the men couldn't let him alone."

"They have got to from this out," said the manager, emphatically; and as the matter came to mind, he instructed, "I told Dan Taylor that Bob the news-boy might sleep here in the animal-building. Keep the little chap warm."

"Yes, sir."

"Just you tell the night-watchman to let him in."

"Yes, sir."

"And tell the watchman to keep a good watch on these fires. I've been burnt out once, and I don't want any more of that experience."

"Yes, sir,"

"How about the watchman?"

"Seems to be faithful as far as I can see and judge," answered brother Jack.

"Can't be too careful," said Adam Forepaugh; "a blaze here would send a fortune up in fire and smoke."

"Sure!" agreed Jack, who added, "I've made it my business to get over here of a night once in a while, and I've always found the watchman on duty."

"So," observed Adam, evidently pleased at his brother's vigilance, adding, as he was turning from the department to visit the paint-room, "Hope that the fellow don't drink."

Adam Forepaugh, like his great rival P. T. Barnum, was a strict temperance man.

"Watchman don't drink as I know of,"

said Jack Forepaugh, as the manager passed out.

From that day on Bob the Newsboy lodged in the animal-building of the Forepaugh winter quarters, and hustled morning and evening in the sale of his daily papers. Once that he was dressed up in a comfortable suit of clothes he was a very presentable boy indeed, and his improved appearance helped the lad in his business. Bob was a favorite about the winter quarters, and counted as his patrons all the heads of department and many of the workmen in the paint-room, carpenter's and blacksmith's shops. The famous showman too had a kind word for Bob whenever they met, and the boy got many a dime for "having an eye" to the manager's favorite horse Dandy while the manager took a survey of the quarters. On one occasion Mr. Forepaugh said:

"Bob, it's getting along towards spring now, and the show is all fitted out and ready to go traveling; it cost a great deal of money to put it in such fine shape, and it would be a great calamity to have any disaster come to it."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Bob.

"I've got a great dread of fire," continued the manager; "the season of high winds is coming, increasing the dangers. As you sleep in the animal-building, I want you to look out for me."

"You" and "me" as emphasized pleased Bob immensely.

Bob, I want you to see that the watchman does his duty."

The manager almost whispered when he impressively said that; then the great showman further explained:

"I have been in this business a good many years, and employed a good many people in my time—all sorts—good, bad and indifferent, that have come and gone. Discharged a good many for cause, in-

temperance and the like, and of course made more or less enemies. A bad man might put a match to the winter quarters for revenge!"

"Oh my!" exclaimed Bob, frightened at the possibility of such a dastardly deed. Before the boy was fully recovered from his surprise the manager moved off, with the parting injunction significantly expressed:

"Bob, keep your eyes open!"

The boy Bob kept his eyes open that very night as long as a tired little boy could who had run over miles of streets disposing of his newspapers, and several times during the night he woke suddenly and listened while wakeful for the tread of the watchman on his rounds. The next morning the lad awoke with a strange impression on his mind. It seemed quite like a dream, but too real for that. It appeared to him as a fact that the watchman had been absent from the quarters for hours at a time, but he did not know that such was the case. Bob was quite sure of it, though, when he felt of the watchman's great-coat which hung in the big room. By the patter on the roof the boy was aware that the night had been a rainy one. By the wet coat the boy knew that the watchman had been out of the building, and had not remained on watch as was his duty.

That day Mr. Forepaugh did not visit the buildings, being called to New York on business. Bob was greatly disappointed and worried at the manager's failure to come. He thought it best not to say anything about the affair to Dan Taylor or Jack Forepaugh, but resolved to keep his eyes open next time.

Adam Forepaugh transacted his business in New York, and being a great home body, returned to Philadelphia, looked through the day's accumulation

of correspondence and telegrams, and retired.

About the same hour Bob the News-boy lay down in his usual nook, bent on minding Mr. Forepaugh's injunction by keeping his eyes open; ditto his ears. As a precaution he turned his face to the wall, and there he lay and listened long. After a suspense of what seemed hours the watchman approached and leaned over him, listened for a moment, and went away, satisfied that the boy was asleep. Then the watchman passed out of the building, not knowing that his every movement was known to the wide-awake Bob, who noiselessly shadowed him.

Bob had never been afraid in the vast winter quarters before, but now a sense of fear and danger came over him, and he peered into the shadows beyond the light thrown out by the fires in the big stoves. The longer the boy tried to penetrate the gloom, the surer he was that he saw a figure gliding in the darkness. Oh dear! how his heart thumped when his quick ears and brain, all alert, detected a "shuffle-shuffle" of moving feet.

"Some one in the building who doesn't belong here and the watchman gone!" was the electric conclusion arrived at by the boy.

Danger to Bob, danger to the property! To prevent his being discovered, the boy slipped out of his nook and fairly crawled along until he came to the stalls of the hay-feeding animals, and slipped into the stall which contained the troublesome big performing bear, instead of the harmless yak, as he intended; but as it was, he was not a bit too quick to escape detection by the nocturnal visitor bent on mischief.

Bob drew away back into the stall, giving bruin a wide berth. As the news-

boy crouched against the brick wall in the rear there was a sudden flash of light, and, to his surprise, he saw a former employee setting fire to the straw that made a bed for the big bear. The scoundrel was so intent on his work that he apparently saw nothing of the animal nor discovered the boy; in fact, he calmly proceeded to light another match, with the intention of firing the bedding of the yak.

Bob's intrusion on the bear had stirred up the beast, and the light of the match had completed the awakening. When the wretch struck the second match the bear reached for the man with his huge paw and laid him low. The straw in the bear's stall was now in flames, and the boy took in the situation at a glance. In an instant he unchained the beast, and a moment later had pulled the burning straw out on to the brick flooring, where the flames would be spent without endangering the property. The man and the bear were now rolling over "like fun" (Bob's expression); the man, locked in a terrible grasp, was making futile attempts to free himself.

Just then there was a big slam of the front door, and into the room walked Adam Forepaugh himself, bringing the watchman's lantern, which had been left by the recreant employee just inside the main entrance.

The manager's arrival in the nick of time was explained by him as the result of a remarkable premonition which he had of impending danger at the winter quarters. To quote his own words:

"I lay down to sleep that night, but it was no use. Something kept telling me that I was needed over to the buildings. At last I was so impressed that I got up, dressed, went to the stables, called the hostler from his room, made him hitch up, and I drove over."

"Coincidence," suggested a listener.  
 "Premonition!" insisted Adam Forepaugh.

*Chas. H. Day in Harper's Round Table.*

### DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

#### PIONEER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Deseret Sunday School Union Board is anxious to secure the names of all who attended the first Sunday School established in the Rocky Mountains, by Elder Richard Ballantyne, on December 9th, 1849. By careful inquiry the following names have been secured, which constitute only a partial list of those who attended that school: Angus M. Cannon, David H. Cannon, Joseph J. Taylor, James Phelps, Jacob Peart, Martha VanCott, Mary Ann Taylor, Elizabeth Hoagland, Emily Hoagland, Margaret Oakley, Henry Horne, Joseph Horne, Adelia West, Richard Taylor, John Rich, Elizabeth Pugmire, John Turnbow, Sophronia Turnbow, Ellen Turnbow, Leonora Turnbow and George J. Taylor. Any member of the Church who can furnish the names of any other pupils of this Sunday School will confer a favor by sending the same to George D. Pyper, Secretary, No. 408 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City.

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS,  
 THOMAS C. GRIGGS,  
 LEVI W. RICHARDS,  
 JOHN M. MILLS,  
 GEORGE D. PYPER,  
 Committee on Jubilee.

*To the Superintendents of Sunday Schools,*

DEAR BROTHERS: For a long time past we have seen the necessity of each

of our Sunday Schools having a library of Church works. To enable them to accomplish this we have made arrangements with Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons Co., by which they will supply the schools, or private individuals, with a library made up of the books named on accompanying list, at a discount of thirty per cent from the regular price. In order to get the benefit of this liberal discount it will of course be necessary to order the complete set, and as this offer is not open for an indefinite period, it would be well for you to give the matter your attention. The retail price for these books is \$40.00 and your discount will amount to \$12.00, making the library cost you \$28.00.

You will observe that this list contains most of the leading works of the Church, as well as a few other works which are considered by our best students as being useful. We can recommend this library and trust that every school that can possibly do so will take advantage of this offer. The terms of payment are as follows: One-fourth of the amount in cash to accompany the order, the balance to be paid in six monthly installments. Orders can be sent to Geo. D. Pyper, Secretary of the Board, room 408, Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, or to Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons Co., box 460, Salt Lake City.

Yours truly,

DESERET S. S. UNION BOARD.

#### LIST OF BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Life of Joseph Smith, by Geo. Q. Cannon	\$2.00
Life of John Taylor, by B. H. Roberts	2.50
Life of Heber C. Kimball, by O. F. Whitney	2.50
Story of the Book of Mormon, by Geo. Reynolds	1.50
Dictionary of the Book of Mormon, by Geo. Reynolds	1.25
Articles of Faith, by Jas E. Talmage	1.00

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History	
by B. H. Roberts	1.75
New Witness for God, by B. H. Roberts	1.50
The Gospel, by B. H. Roberts	.75
From Kirtland to Salt Lake,	
by Jas. A. Little	1.50
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My First Mission, Leaves From My Journal, A String of Pearls, Fragments of Experience Heber C. Kimball's Journal, Early Scenes in Church History, The Life of Nephi, The Myth of the Manuscript Found, Labors in the Vineyard, Eventful Narratives, Helpful Visions, Heroines of "Mormondom," The Martyrs, Mormon Doctrine, The Spaulding Story,	4.00
Child's Life of Joseph Smith,	
By Geo. Q. Cannon	.25
Sunday School Treatise	.15
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	\$40.00

(FROM THE TREATISE, PAGE 19.)

**GRADING A SCHOOL:** The grading of a Sunday School is the process of assigning each pupil to the department best suited to his or her capacity, and of arranging the departments in such a way as to enable the pupils to progress

by a logical succession of studies. It is an essential feature, and, in its arrangement, requires a thorough knowledge of Sunday School work,—its spirit, aims and methods. The superintendency of the school, with the concurrence of the teachers, should direct this labor, which should always be carried out in conformity with the instruction of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

Owing to the varied conditions and the diversified facilities of the respective wards, the question of how to accomplish this grading can only be answered in a general way; and the good judgment of the superintendency and teachers must be used so that it will result most beneficially to the scholars. However, speaking in a general way, where there are a sufficient number of pupils, and proper facilities, each school should be graded into four departments.

It may be well here to state that a separate room for each department is very desirable, but where there is but one room it has been found advantageous to divide it by curtains suspended on wires or rods stretched across the room; but it is well, where possible, to have the primary department by itself; and then divide the one room between the three other departments.

The primary grade may, as a general rule, include the smaller children under, say, eight years of age; the first intermediate from eight to twelve years; the second intermediate from twelve to sixteen years of age; and the higher department all those not embraced in the other departments. But the natural ability and the advancement of the pupils should always be considered when grading a school. Each department should be conducted as a whole, and should have one head teacher with two or more assistants. Each teacher should

have some special line of work to present, and everything presented should harmonize with the general plan.

#### HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

THE approaching celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first Sabbath School in Utah has awakened renewed interest in all matters pertaining to the Sunday School movement. In view of this fact it is believed that a history of the Sunday School Union will be appreciated by our readers. A part of what appears below and what will follow in subsequent issues was published in the INSTRUCTOR some fifteen years ago. It is the present intention to complete the review by continuing it on to the present time.

The organization, development, growth and success of the Deseret Sunday School Union form a most interesting chapter in the history of the great latter-day work.

On the 4th of November, 1867, a meeting of those interested in the Sunday Schools of the Saints was held at the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School Union. This was the first meeting held for that purpose. There not being so many present as was anticipated, the meeting adjourned until the 11th of that month at the same place. On this latter occasion there was a large attendance; among those present were Presidents Brigham Young and Daniel H. Wells, also Apostles George A. Smith, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Brigham Young, Jun. At this meeting the first steps were taken towards a permanent organization, and Elder George Q. Can-

non was elected president, with a secretary and two corresponding secretaries. A committee of three were also appointed to examine and decide upon books suitable for use in our Sunday Schools.

During the meeting President Brigham Young spoke at considerable length, instructing those present on various points connected with the Sunday School movement, and the cause of education in general. He was followed by Elders George A. Smith and George Q. Cannon. The latter stated that Elder David O. Calder had kindly volunteered to teach the tonic sol-fa system of music to the Sunday School teachers, as soon as a sufficient number came forward to form a class, but no permanent results followed this gentleman's generous proposition.

It was not until 1872 that the Sunday School Union assumed a more compact and definite shape. In the June of that year a committee, appointed at a meeting of Sunday School officers and teachers, and composed of Brothers George Goddard, John Morgan and John B. Maiben waited upon General Superintendent George Q. Cannon, presented the minutes of the meeting for his approval and invited his counsel and co-operation in bringing about a wider concert of action to give greater impetus and solidity to the efforts of the Union. The result of this visit was that from that time the efforts and labors of the Union assumed a more practical shape, and thereafter the monthly meetings of the teachers and superintendents were held in Salt Lake City with great regularity; at first in the City Hall, then in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms, afterwards in the Council House, and still later in the new Assembly Hall. These meetings continued to grow in proportions and interest until they were among the most

popular and the most largely attended of any of the assemblies of the people of Zion; and this worthy example set in the chief city of the Saints was followed in several other districts throughout Utah.

In reading the minutes of the early meetings of the Union, it is exceedingly interesting to note that the same subjects that are still considered among the most important were then canvassed with much vigor, and that the instructions given were, to a very great extent, the same, slightly differing according to altered circumstances, as those that it is still found necessary to inculcate. The subjects of punctuality, the grading of the schools, prizes, rewards, the necessity of readers adjusted to the use of the Sabbath Schools of the Saints, of a collection of hymns and songs composed by members of the Church, with suitable music; of a primary catechism, and the publication of other suitable works, keeping better registers of attendance, improved records, correct and punctual reports, selection of suitable books for Sunday School libraries, securing larger average attendance, and the use of the Scriptures for text books in the classes. All these and many other subjects that still have to be considered, are to be found among the teachings of the general superintendency and others of the brethren from the time that these meetings were first held. These instructions have not been in vain. Not only has the Union increased in numbers, year by year, but in compactness also, and a greater uniformity has been reached in the methods of teaching and in the modes of conducting the schools. At first there was considerable diversity of operation in the various Sunday Schools situated in the various Stakes of Zion; but today, through experience, better

methods have been attained which secure greater uniformity and more satisfactory results. Class readers, such as those used in the day schools, and which were once so widely used in the Sunday Schools are now almost entirely excluded from the latter, and in their place we have the First and Second Readers published by the Union, the numbers of the Faith-Promoting Series, the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Jaques' Catechism, etc., together with the Bible, Book of Mormon, book of Doctrine and Covenants, as the books almost universally used in our Sabbath Schools.

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#### TELEGRAPHY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

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WE are apt to think that because the ancients and our immediate forefathers had no electric telegraph, they had no telegraph at all; but that is far from the truth. Many systems of telegraphy, most of them depending on signals addressed to sight or hearing, have been known from the earliest times, and some of these are described in a recent article written by M. Remy. He says:

"Three or four centuries before our era, Eneus invented several systems of signaling. In particular, he devised the first synchronic apparatus. At each station was installed a great vessel of uniform capacity, having in its side a hole of the same size for each vessel. At the surface of the liquid contained in the vessel was a float in which was fixed an upright rod divided into equal parts, each of which corresponded to one of the phrases to be telegraphed. The attendants at each station had a torch. When the first raised his torch he uncorked the hole in his vessel, allowing the water to escape and the float to sink;



the attendant at the second station did the same, and this was repeated from station to station. When the division of the rod corresponding to the message to be sent had fallen to the level of the edge of the vessel, the first attendant lowered his torch, and replaced the cork; the others, imitating his action, could then read off on their rods the particular message sent by the first. . \* \* \*

"In all such methods as these the messages were limited to words or phrases agreed upon beforehand. In the second century B. C. Cleomenes invented a method of doing away with this inconvenience by combining luminous signals so as to form a code. Each station was furnished with several huge fire-vessels corresponding each to a group of letters of the alphabet. The one that was exposed so that it could be seen from the next station, while the others were hidden, indicated the group including the letter to be transmitted, which letter was then shown more closely by lanterns. Polybius improved this by dividing the alphabet into five groups, four of five letters and one of four. These were telegraphed by torches, moved in given directions. For instance, three torches at the left of the station meant the third group, then two at the right meant the second letter of this group."

The Chinese, M. Remy tells us, also used signal towers at an early period, and the Romans learned how to employ them from the Carthaginians. The Roman telegraphic system was altogether 4,200 miles in length, and remains of the stations still exist. The Gauls telegraphed by shouting from post to post, and there was a similar system between Athens and Susa (450 miles). When Europe was overrun by barbarians, these systems of telegraphy were destroyed.

Although some effort at similar commu-

nication was made in the Middle Ages, modern telegraphy dates from the sixteenth century. It began with some very curious propositions. Says M. Remy:

"About 1570, Porta, a Neapolitan physicist, inventor of the camera obscura, thought that he could cast upon the moon, by means of a mirror, characters that could be read over the whole earth. Father Kircher proposed to let the sun's rays fall on mirrors in such manner as to form letters. Francois Kessler used an empty barrel containing a lamp with a movable shutter. Opening the shutter once signified the letter A, twice meant B, and so on. This seems to be the beginning of our present telegraphic alphabets.

"About the same time, experiments were made at Mayence with five masts each divided into five sections. Large objects were hoisted on these, and the point at which they stopped signified a prearranged phrase. This is a modification of the method of Polybius.

"Next, Robert Hooke, an English scientist, proposed to make huge letters of some opaque substance and to suspend them in space. But neither this nor the preceding methods were ever adopted in practise."

In 1690, M. Remy goes on to say, Amontons, a Frenchman, introduced the telescope as a means of observing telegraphic signals, which made it possible to increase the distance between stations. He proposed to use for his signals a large black screen in which a cross was cut, but he failed in getting the government aid needed to carry out his plan. Later, Marcel of Arles, built a machine which, it was claimed, could signal as fast as one could write; but he, too, failed to get government aid and broke his invention. In 1782 Gauthey devised a system of speaking-tubes, by which he

expected to transmit speech hundreds of miles, but expense prevented its adoption. Soon after this, however, the invention of the semaphore furnished a successful system of visual telegraphy, and not long afterward the electric telegraph gave to the world a means of communication to which distance sets no limits.

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### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

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#### WHY CONTINUALLY WANT TO KILL, KILL, KILL!

A FREQUENT effort on the part of law-makers is to adopt measures for the extermination of beasts, birds or fishes which they consider detrimental to the interests of the people. "Scalp" or "bounty" laws are enacted in which provision is made for the payment of a reward for the destruction of the particular creature that is deemed obnoxious and undesirable. The English sparrow is probably the object against which the most universal opposition is directed. Yet, he has his uses, and many things can be said in his behalf. He has great persistency, moreover, and vitality of the most superb kind. The more he is persecuted, the more he prospers. It seems to be with him, as a lady friend once observed about house-flies; if you kill one, ten new ones come to the funeral.

But it was neither sparrows nor house-flies that suggested these remarks; for it must be said that both of them are much of a nuisance and are very exasperating. What was intended is to point out that bounty laws generally are a failure, so far as the accomplishment of their object is concerned, and that in many cases it is highly fortunate that such is the case. For instance, some

counties and even some entire states have seen fit to put a price upon the heads of hawks, deeming them an enemy to the hen-roost and deserving of nothing but death. One state paid in a single year rewards amounting to nearly a hundred thousand dollars for the destruction of hawks, and thought the money was well expended. Yet a careful authority on the subject estimates that if a fair value on all the poultry which these birds destroy be deducted, the hawks are still worth \$20.00 apiece to the farmers as enemies and destroyers of mice. This is their main food; and if they swoop down upon a young chick now and then, it is only by way of dessert after a meal of mice, and can well be forgiven in view of the benefits they confer. The crow is another object of man's enmity in many parts of the country, and like the hawk is published and paid for as an outlaw. But it is an established fact, when all is told in his favor, that he is more beneficial than injurious. Two hundred years ago South Carolina offered rewards for the killing of rice-birds and larks, because, forsooth, "the planters of this province do yearly suffer considerable damage in their stocks and crops, whereby, notwithstanding their continual care, they are impoverished and discouraged." Yet how barbarous and absurd such a law would be considered now! The coyote has few friends, a good word is hardly ever said for him, and every man's hand is against him. Yet in many places it has been found, when too late, that he was a benefit because of his warfare upon rabbits, which, as his family was killed off, multiplied so fast as to become a real pest destructive of the farmer's growing grain, grass and orchard. What if he does pick off a lamb or a stray sheep occasionally! If he is

able to keep down the rabbits and prevent them from literally swarming over the fields, as they have done in some parts, he is surely worth more than he costs.

An all-wise Creator has arranged many things which puny man does not fully understand. In our attempts to improve on nature we frequently make hideous mistakes. In most cases these bounty laws are among the gravest of these mistakes. Nothing was created in vain. Everthing has its uses, if we but knew them; and efforts to destroy the equilibrium are generally disastrous. The inclination to go out and slay and kill is already strong enough in the human being, without being further stimulated by the offer of a reward. The tendency to take the life of beasts, birds or even reptiles needs no encouragement. To inflict pain or death unnecessarily upon any of the creation of our Father is not a commendable pursuit. To delight in slaughter and blood is not an indication of a pure, good heart. Besides, how is the time to come when enmity between man and beast shall cease, when a little child shall be safe in playing with and leading the most savage animal—how is the world to reach an era of universal peace, if man, the superior animal, does not himself take the first steps toward it by getting rid of his blood-thirstiness and by regarding all life as sacred!

*The Editor.*

### A TRAGEDY IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART I.—THE BONNET.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand;  
Bows of ribbon and lace;  
Wire sufficient to make them stand;

A handful of roses, a velvet band—  
It lacks but one crowning grace.

#### PART II.—THE BIRD.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings.  
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;  
From morning till night she brings and brings  
For growing birds, they are hungry things—  
Aye! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped;  
A crimson stain on the grass;  
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—  
Ah! well, we will leave the rest unsaid;  
Some things it were better to pass.

#### PART III.—THE WEARER.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,  
She has surely a queenly air;  
The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and lace;  
But the bird has added the crowning grace—  
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,  
In a lady so faultlessly fair?  
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall,  
He hears when the starving nestlings call—  
Can a tender woman not care?

*Selected.*

### A VERY OLD TREE.

THE oldest orange tree in France has just died. It was brought to France with several others in 1421, by Queen Lenore, of Castile, the wife of Charles III of Navarre, and in 1684, Louis XIV ordered that it be transplanted to the orange grove in Versailles, and there it has remained ever since. During the last two centuries the tree has been known as the Grand Bourbon, and for many years every possible care has been taken to preserve it from decay. Now it has passed away at the great age of 478 years, and many Parisians who knew it well are sorry that they will never again see this stately ornament of the Versailles gardens.

THE

## Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SEMI-MONTHLY, - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AUG. 15, 1899.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

#### AN EARLY BRITISH SUNDAY SCHOOL INCIDENT.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is not at all disposed to open its columns to controversy, the editor preferring himself to weigh and consider the matter that may be in dispute—if he chooses to present it at all—and then lay before his readers the view, the date, or the incident as to the point at issue, which is correct; in other words, he desires that any general proposition or statement published in these columns shall be true beyond the possibility of further dispute or argument. Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that the actual facts about an interesting event can only be secured by publicly inviting, and giving place to various and apparently conflicting statements, each being made by a reliable and trustworthy author. It has therefore seemed justifiable to continue for some time past the publication of letters upon the subject of the organization of the first Sunday School of the Latter-day Saints in the British Mission. This is a year which we are to celebrate as a Sunday School jubilee; and what can be more interesting, while we are reading about the first Sunday School in Utah fifty years ago, than to learn something about the same good work going on at that early date and even earlier, on the other side of the great ocean!

After the foregoing no further introduction or explanation will be needed

of the following letter from Bro. John Crook of Heber, Utah:

"I have read lately quite a discussion in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR about the organization of the first Sunday School in the British Mission. Brother Aveson says the first school was organized in London, England, about 1854. Brother P. Greenhalgh says 1853, Brother Evan Morgan says in Wales in 1851.

"I want to give my recollections of Sunday School work of the Latter-day Saints. I was born in 1831. My father was baptized in September, 1840, in Bolton, Lancashire, England, eleven miles north of Manchester. In 1844 Joseph and Hyrum were martyred in Carthage jail. It took a little time those days to get the news to Europe, say until about the first of August. There was at least one Sunday School in England about that time. The school was held in Bury Street Chapel, Bolton, in the lower room at one o'clock p. m. Meeting being in the upper room at two p. m. I was a scholar in that Sunday School and remember that on a particular day the scholars went to meeting upstairs and found the stand decorated with crape. I asked some one older than myself, 'What does this mean?' Some one said, 'In memory of the martyrs Joseph and Hyrum.' This was a dreadful shock to me. I remember as well as if it were yesterday. I was then not quite thirteen years old.

"This will show a school in Bolton some seven years before Brother Morgan's. I have no dates when this school was organized, but I think school had been running one year anyway at the time of the incident I mention. I can safely say I had attended a long time before that. I have said that my father was baptized in September, 1840, and my sister Alice and myself attended meet-

ings with father. I well remember us two holding each to his hand and walking by his side about two and one half miles on Sunday to school and meeting. If any of the Bolton Saints who attended meeting in those early days are alive, I call their attention to the first meeting place in Bolton—Back King Street; narrow entry, upstairs. A Brother John Haslam was one of the superintendency of the school when the above occurrence took place. I believe he emigrated about 1846; and then a Brother James Haslam took charge of the school. My father, myself and two sisters emigrated to America in January, 1851, on the ship *Eblen*, leaving Liverpool the 8th day of January, 1851. Christmas day, 1850, we had a tea party in the Bury Street Chapel. A charade was performed, called 'Adam and Eve,' and other pieces, by school children. Thomas and Martha Heelis took the parts of Adam and Eve. I think Brother Heelis is still living in Santaquin, Utah Co. I taught one of the intermediate classes in school towards the close of my stay in England. Thomas Heelis and Eli and Levi Openshaw of Santaquin were members of my class at that time. There is a Brother living in Fillmore, Alexander Forti, who will remember those days no doubt.

"This is a bit of early history. If any of the Bolton Saints of those days should read it and find any mistakes in dates or otherwise, I would be pleased to be corrected."

#### HOW THE WORLD CARRIES ITS MONEY.

To the initiated, a man's nationality is betrayed by the way he carries his money.

The Englishman carries his loose in

his right-hand trousers' pocket—gold, silver and copper all mixed up together. He pulls a handful of the mixture out of his pocket in a large, opulent way, and selects the coins he has need of. The American carries his wad of bills in a peculiar long, narrow pocket-book, in which the greenbacks lie flat. The Frenchman makes use of a leather purse with no distinguishing characteristics. The German uses one gaily embroidered in silks by the fair hands of some Lottchen or Mina. The half civilized capitalist from some torrid South American city carries his dollars in a belt with cunningly devised pockets to baffle the gentlemen with the light fingers; some of these belts are very expensive. The Italian of the poorer class ties up his little fortune in a gaily-colored handkerchief secured with many knots, which he secrets in some mysterious manner about his clothes. A similar course has charms for the Spaniard; while the lower-class Russian exhibits a preference for his boots or the lining of his clothes as a hiding-place for his savings.

#### ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

THE celebrated Daniel Webster had a habit, while speaking, of putting on old-fashioned spectacles, whose arms rested over the ears. After reading the passage desired, he used to raise the spectacles from his nose and shove them up over his forehead until they rested on his head.

One day a waggish member sitting in the seat next to Mr. Webster shoved his own spectacles in front of Webster, who had already one pair on his head. Bending to pick some book he picked up the new spectacles at the same time and

adjusted them to read. Then up the second pair went to join company with the first pair above the massive forehead.

The wag, grinning over the success of his trick, borrowed another pair of spectacles and placed them before the great orator, who was too much excited to notice. In due time he had occasion to read again, and seized the spectacles before him. As a matter of course, the third pair shared the fate of the two preceding and Webster was astonished to find everybody's face wearing a broad smile, and especially the face of the man whose arguments he was answering in his best style.

"The gentleman may smile and smile," Mr. Webster roared out, suddenly interrupting the course of his argument, shaking his head angrily, and pointing a finger at Mr. Haynes; "but he only makes of himself a spectacle for the derision of his countrymen."

At the same time the three pairs of spectacles fell upon the orator's desk, and there was a general roar of merriment.

Mendelssohn, the celebrated composer, was a great favorite of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and during his visits to London was frequently their guest, playing for them and accompanying the queen, who possessed a good voice, and who often would sing for him.

In "Fragments of an Autobiography," recently published by Felix Moscheles, a pleasing anecdote of the composer, and his association with her majesty is told. It was in 1847, the year of his death, that Mendelssohn had once more, as in 1842, been "making music with the queen," and had been genuinely delighted with her rendering of his songs. As he was about to leave, she said:

"Now, Dr. Mendelssohn, you have given me so much pleasure, is there nothing I can do to give you pleasure?"

He answered that he was more than amply rewarded by her majesty's gracious reception, and by what would be a lasting remembrance of the interest she had shown in his music; but when she insisted he said:

"Well, to speak the truth, I have a wish, and one that only your majesty can grant."

"It is granted," she interposed.

And then he told her that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to see the nurseries and all the domestic arrangements connected with the royal children. The most consummate courtier could not have expressed a wish better calculated to please the queen. She most cordially responded and herself conducted him through the nurseries.

A writer in *Cassell's Magazine* tells a pretty story of Sardou, the French dramatist. In his twenty-third or twenty-fourth year he had contrived to produce at the Odeon a comedy called the "Taverne des Etudiants." The author himself had named it simply "The Tavern." The manager of the theater, which is situated in the students' quarter of Paris, renamed it, with an eye to gain, "The Students' Tavern," whereupon the scholars, thinking themselves attacked, promptly condemned the piece. Sardou's distress both of mind and body was now extreme, and he was presently laid low in his garret by a terrible attack of typhoid fever. On another floor of the house there was living a certain pretty Mlle. de Brecourt, who had sometimes met the unsuccessful interesting dramatist upon the stairs. Missing him,

the young lady learned in what manner he was stricken, and mounting to the top story, she installed herself at his bedside. So good a nurse did Mlle. de Brecourt prove that Victorien Sardou was presently in courageous health again; and there is nothing to add except that the devoted nurse became, in a very short time, the not less devoted wife. Yes; there is something else to add, for his young wife, having saved his life, promptly placed in his hands the means of fortune. She it was who brought him under the notice of Dejazet, just as that great actress was founding a theatre of her own. The encouragement and support of Dejazet awoke in Sardou the talent which was being stifled. She brought out in succession his "Candide" (the piece he had carried tremblingly to her), the "Premieres Armes de Figaro" (his first distinct success), "M. Garat," and the "Pres Saint-Gervais." Suffering was at an end, the empty purse began to fill, and nine years later Victorien Sardou was on the flood-tide of prosperity.

When the late Lord Cairns was lord chancellor he was an ex-officio visitor of lunatic asylums. It is related that he went down one Wednesday, when the peers do not sit, to Hanwell, knocked at the door and asked to be admitted.

"Can't let you in," said the janitor; "days for visitors Tuesdays and Fridays."

"But I have a right to go inside," said his lordship; "I insist on doing so."

"Read the regulations," and the janitor pointed to them.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Lord Cairns.

"Don't know, and don't care," said the menial.

"I am entitled to admission at any and every hour; I am Lord Chancellor of England."

"Ah! ha!" laughed the janitor, as he shut the entrance gates in the noble lord's face, "we've got four of 'em inside already."

#### THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

THE Mouse—in the shape of a London street urchin, capeless, coatless, with bare knees and naked feet—sprang, with the help of an inverted flower-pot, on to the wall that surrounded the garden of the deanery.

The top of the wall was protected with pieces of broken glass, but the Mouse seemed to have had experience of the place, for the spot he selected was quite smooth. He sat on the wall for a few moments, gazing warily about the garden. There was nobody in sight, and he jumped to the ground, and crept through some bushes, until he came to the part where peaches grew.

The peaches were large and ripe and luscious looking, and the Mouse eyed them lovingly.

With another glance up and down the graveled paths, he plucked two and placed them inside his shirt.

But the Mouse was in a difficulty. The peaches were numerous, and his clothing, being more or less in holes, was not suitable for use as a market basket. Luckily, his interior was capacious, and he took a third, and proceeded to pack it away safely inside.

Now, hitherto the Mouse had been cautious. But success ruined him, for while he consumed his next peach, instead of allowing his eyes to wander rapidly round the garden, he fixed them attentively upon the peaches, wondering

the while which should be his next victim.

Then it was that the Lion came—approaching, as lions will, with silent tread on the turf.

The Lion came in the person of the dean, an elderly, corpulent, kindly gentleman, who owned the garden and peaches which the Mouse was plundering.

The Lion caught the Mouse by the back of his neck; the Mouse squeaked, and a half-eaten peach fell to the ground.

"You wicked little boy!" said the Lion, sternly. "Are you aware that it is a sin to steal?"

The Lion held in his disengaged forepaw a light riding whip, which twinkled unpleasantly before the Mouse's eyes, and the Mouse began to blubber.

The dean looked at the boy with an eye of stern sorrow. He was a kindly old gentleman. If a man injured him he forgave him readily, partly on principle, partly because it was his nature to forgive.

But there was one subject about which he was hard and obdurate—peaches.

He loved peaches. He might almost be said to worship peaches. It was a species of innocent idolatry. Morning and evening he paced up and down his garden, and looked lovingly at those of his own growth. He counted them, boasted about them, meditated upon them.

If you robbed the dean of a five pound note he would have grieved—not on his own account, but on account of the sinner.

But if you robbed the dean of a peach he would chastise you, if a boy, and probably prosecute you, if a man.

To steal money was a sin, and to err is human. To steal a peach is a sacrilege which the kindest old gentleman in London found it impossible to forgive.

So the Lion led the Mouse to his

study, flipping the riding whip in the air suggestively, and the Mouse blubbered silently, for he was almost too overpowered with awe to realize what was happening.

"And now, my son," said the dean, sternly, "I shall chastise you."

The boy's white, frightened face looked up appealingly.

"Lemme go!" he said, with a sob.

"Let you go?" said the dean. "You shall go, when I have taught you how wicked it is to steal."

"I only eat one, and a bit," said the Mouse, plaintively. "I've got two more 'ere in my shirt. You can 'ave them back, if you'll lemme go!" and he produced two peaches from his dirty little shirt, and held them out to the Lion, temptingly.

There was something humorously pathetic in his attitude, and the dean smiled.

After all he was a very little boy, and a hungry-looking little boy into the bargain—and the dean laid the riding whip on the table.

Then he sat down and talked to him—talked to him not like a pompous old dean, but like a big school-boy talks to another. For it had suddenly occurred to him, that when he was about the age of the Mouse, he, too, had not been above climbing into other people's gardens and helping himself to other people's fruit.

And after the Mouse had shaken off his fright, he began to chat with the Lion quite freely, and told him all about himself, and how he came to climb the wall, and how many times he had done it before, and all about it.

Then the dean rang the bell and ordered cake and lemonade to be brought for his visitor, and when that was consumed he conducted him to the front



door, just as kindly and courteously as if he had been the son of a royal duke.

"Well, now, my little man," said the dean as they stood together at the top of the steps, "we understand each other thoroughly."

"That's all right, governor," said the boy cheerily. "I knows what yer mean. You won't catch me sneaking no more peaches, nor nuffin else, so I tells yer straight."

"And look 'ere," he added, squaring his small shoulders. "you're a jolly ole brick to lemme go without a whacking, and if ever you want a pal—I'm yer man."

This remark seemed to amuse the dean, for he chuckled until the whole of his nice plump old face was wrinkled with tram lines, and he slipped half-a-crown into the forepaw of the Mouse.

And the Mouse gave the Lion an encouraging nod, and trotted down the steps. When he got fairly outside the gate, he stood still and looked steadfastly at the half-crown, turning it over and over in his hand, for several minutes. Then he suddenly clutched it tightly in his right hand, snatched off his cap with the other, and ran as fast as his little legs would carry him to his chums, to tell them of his strange adventures, and how the Lion had captured him, and then let him go.

Some twelve years slipped away, and the dean still jogged along in his comfortable, kindly fashion, becoming, as years crept on, somewhat less corpulent, but considerably more famous; for he had written a little book entitled "The Life and Adventures of a Street Urchin," which had in some manner made a great hit, and found its way into every school and nearly every home in England. People wondered how such a stately old gentleman had picked up such a wonderful knowledge of the slang and habits of

the London gamin; but an observant and sympathetic man can learn a great deal in half an hour's intimate talk, such as the Lion had with the Mouse on the occasion of the stolen peaches.

Then came whispers of a bishopric. There was a vacancy, and all parties conceded that the dean was a man to whom nobody could object.

One night he dined privately with the prime minister. They were old school-fellows and close friends, but at such a time the dean felt that the invitation had its significance.

He returned home by train, and walked from the railway station to the deanery to enjoy the cool night air, and indulge in a few innocent reflections on the bishopric which loomed in the distance.

He remembered how as a young curate he had wondered whether he would ever get to the top of the tree. Without being a worldly or a selfish man, he liked success, as all people do who possess anything of excellence. Besides, he felt instinctively that there was good work waiting for him to do—work that he could do better than many others; and so, with his hat pushed back and his hands folded behind his back, he strode along, smiling in anticipation.

It was late, and the streets were almost deserted. Presently he came across a policeman who was busy taking an old decrepit-looking man in charge.

The prisoner was helplessly drunk, but the policeman was treating him with a brutality which was quite unnecessary. With fist and knee he was literally knocking the old man along the road, and the dean, moved by the spirit of chivalry, thought fit to protest.

"Constable," he said, quietly, "surely it isn't necessary to do that."

The constable gave his victim a hearty kick, which sent him sprawling in the gutter and turned on the dean.

"What's that to do with you?" he said, roughly. "We don't want no parsons interfering with us."

"But I shall not allow you to ill-treat that old man," said the dean firmly, "and if you persist in doing so, I shall take your number and report you."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said the policeman with a sudden blaze of passion. "You'll take my number? Why, you're drunk! I shall have to run you in for being disorderly, and assaulting me in the execution of my duty."

And without another word he knocked the dean's hat off his head, and seized him by the collar.

But the old gentleman had an Englishman's instinct for self-preservation, and without a second's hesitation he doubled his fist, and knocked the constable down in first-class Eton style.

Of course it was a very foolish thing to do, and a moment afterwards he regretted it, but it was too late. With a grinning face the constable picked himself up, and blew his whistle.

"Now you've done it," he said; "I shall run you in and you'll get a month."

It seemed to the dean as if the crowd sprang out of the paving stones, for before he could collect his thoughts he was the center of a small mob, and three policemen.

He broke into a perspiration. Here was a situation. The dean of Hampstead, returning home from a dinner party, charged with being drunk and disorderly. To be sure he could prove to the satisfaction of any rational man that he was not drunk. But all men are not rational. Sixty per cent of the public would say that, even if he was not

drunk, he had probably had quite enough. Under any circumstances the mere charge was an unspeakable disgrace.

And the bishopric? Under such circumstances his best friends could not expect it for him.

His only chance was to be perfectly quiet, not to let his name be known to the crowd, but to get to the station quickly, and hope that a straightforward explanation to the superintendent would set the matter right.

In the meantime a hansom cab had trotted slowly up, and the driver was watching the scene from his post of vantage.

"You had better put 'im in my cab, Bobby," he said gruffly. "I don't suppose the gent will mind paying for it."

"I should prefer to use the cab," said the dean, trying to appear quite composed.

But no sooner had the dean got fairly in, than the driver said, "'Old tight, sir," and the horse wheeled suddenly round and sent crowd and policemen flying in all directions.

The dean being inside, held on like grim death, while the horse plunged and kicked in a way that effectually prevented anybody else from getting in.

Suddenly the driver gave the animal a flick with his whip, let the reins go, and away they went at racing speed, while three policemen and a small mob watched them in silent wonder.

Mile after mile they went, and gradually the dean recovered his breath and his thoughts.

He had escaped from a very nasty predicament—but how?

Suddenly the aperture at the top was opened, and a hearty voice said: "Well, gov'nor, 'ow's this for a bean-feast? I reckon we give 'em the slip pretty neat."

"I'm very much obliged to you, my friend," said the dean; "but I fear you will get yourself into trouble."

"Not me," said the driver confidently. "All three constables was about 'arf boozed. When I tells 'em in the morning all about it they'll be precious glad I saved 'em from making fools of themselves. 'Ere we are, sir, at the deanery. I took you a goodish way round to prevent trouble."

"Then you know who I am," said the dean, in some surprise, when he stood on the pavement.

"Yes, sir, but I expeck you've forgot the boy who stole your peaches some twelve years ago?"

"What! Bless my soul!" said the dean, catching hold of his hand, and examining his face by the cab lamp, "so it is. Why, it's another case of the Mouse helping the Lion. Will your horse stand?"

"He'll stand for a week, sir, if I tell him to."

"Then come inside with me," said the dean, taking his arm as cheerily as if he had been the prime minister himself. "I want to hear all about you."

And the Lion and the Mouse went in arm-in-arm, and when the Mouse came out again he had a sovereign in each waistcoat pocket, and the satisfaction of knowing that he had for his friend the best old Lion in England.—*London Truth.*

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## TWO WAYS TO RISE.

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[BEGUN IN LAST NUMBER]

THAT night after work hours the noon-tide occurrences of the day—Clayton's strange actions—came up in Ellery's mind again, and with them there arose another question: whether he were not

in duty bound to tell what he had seen. What significance attached to the tearing out of the blank check Ellery could not guess, but the opening of the telegram was certainly a culpable act. Should he keep secret his knowledge of both, waiting for events to bring forth the motive and result of each, or reveal at once what he knew of Clayton's trickery? Should he choose the latter course he knew well what would happen, if the cashier, through luck or cunning should come unscathed from the investigation, as he might well hope to do at the hands of the company itself, as he would have the excuse of working for its interests. Clayton would secure his discharge at any cost, and what that would mean Ellery hardly dared think. With a hundred eager applicants for every available position, he knew well that a dreary prospect awaited him should he lose his present place.

These things, for his own and his mother's sake, he was bound to consider, and as no serious complications as yet threatened, he decided to keep silent awhile, and see what events might transpire as a sequence to Clayton's trick. Over a week passed without anything happening. John Marvin returned from his trip, and Clayton was seemingly on the best possible terms with the new manager. "Mr. Marvin is all right, Ellery my boy," the cashier had taken pains to say a half dozen times since the affair about the letters. "There's no possible fault to be found with him, so far, that I can see, and I'm ready to tell the company so any time. As far as my opinions are concerned, they couldn't have made a better choice."

To the manager he was all affability, though Ellery could not help but notice that his expressions of good will did not always ring true. He had a half idea,

too, that the manager noticed it also, though he made no visible sign of his impression. It was not until the storm burst at the end of the fortnight that any evident rupture occurred. But the first he knew of the cause was the letter dictated to him by the manager. Ellery had noticed for some days past that Marvin's face was pale and anxious. It was addressed to the company's office in New York, and was a detailed statement of the expenses incurred by him during his term of management, ending in the following words: "As to the two thousand dollars credited to my expenses on account of 'dredging' and 'machinery,' I am as much in the dark as yourself. No machinery has been needed, and outside of the first work done by the six men I employed at the time of my arrival, no such work has been necessary, and none has been done, or paid for through my agency. The bank-check presented in my name, as well as the entry in the company's books, showing evidence of such a transaction, is nothing more nor less than forgery, upon whose part I am not yet able to advise you. I am sifting the matter and will apprise you of results as soon as I am able to procure tangible evidence. Pending developments I shall be pleased to place my resignation at the pleasure of the company."

As Ellery listened to the words—his heart beat quick and hard. Was this the outcome of that act he had witnessed that day in the office? If so, the time had come for him to speak. And yet there was a serious outlook confronting him in the situation as it presented itself now, a phrase, which up to the present moment, had never suggested itself to his mind. In telling of Clayton's act he must confess his own presence in the office at the time—and the chances were

that Clayton, to shield himself, would try to turn suspicion upon his own presence there. It was possible that no one but himself knew that Clayton had returned to the office during his lunch hour, while Randolph could give testimony as to Ellery's having himself been left alone in the office at that time. With such evidence—and Clayton's proved cunning to work against him—what might not be the result of the investigation, should he commit himself by telling his story! It was a serious problem for a boy to face, and Ellery had to take time to consider it.

He went home that night with his face almost as careworn as the manager's. His mother had come out to him a week after his letter had reached her, describing the table fare at his cheap boarding house—and as he went into the cool sitting room furnished with the old-fashioned belongings of their Quaker home he almost wished they were back again in the sleepy little village of which they reminded him and where he had fretted like a lashed lion for the stir of the big cities.

His mother said nothing as he rose from his slighted supper, but her keen, clear grey eyes questioned him through her gold-rimmed spectacles with a quiet insistence that had brought him to her knee often in his childhood days, with tales of his heartaches and wrongs. He had entered the world now, though, he told himself, and must learn to bear his burdens and decide for himself, and especially in this case where all possible costs must be considered. This attitude was the first fruit of the cross—influences that had entered into his life—voiced in the worldly wisdom with which the tongues about him rung daily with the hard clamor of gongs.

The long dark hours of night presented

his case in its worst aspects--and morning found his mind dazed and wearied with its unaccustomed care. To add to his anxiety, when he reached the office he found it in a comparative furore of excitement about the affair. The news of the embezzlement of the company's funds and evident implication of the manager had leaked out, through whose connivance Ellery could surmise, and the office was buzzing with conjecture as to the outcome. There was a false entry in the books in the manager's own writing, dated on the day he had made his trip, the hour of the departure of his train allowing him time to have returned at noon and made the entry during the absence of the bookkeeper; there was the stub in his check-book whose number corresponded with that of the contested check cashed at the bank during the week of his absence; all of these serious things against the manager's mere declaration of his ignorance of the transaction.

With these things buzzed in his ears and his own thoughts stinging him all day, Ellery went home at night with a still whiter face, and temples throbbing like sledge-hammers.

The table was spread for supper and he went and sank into his seat wearily without speaking. His mother did not help him but came round the table and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Thee will not waste time to eat, as thee feels now, Ellery. Tell thy trouble first, dear--'twill leave thee some better if it cannot cure thee. I hope thee is not grown so old yet as to keep thy mother out of thy confidence."

Ellery hesitated, then he looked up and met the familiar insistent entreaty in the grey eyes, and the next moment pride, doubt, his new worldliness all vanished and he had told her the story.

At its close his mother spoke with more signs of agitation than he had ever seen in her before in his short life.

"Thee must tell Mr. Marvin this at once, Ellery. He is in deep distress indeed, thee must not let him rest under his trouble another night. Thee has done no wrong thyself in the matter and that makes the telling easier as to what may come of it. Thee may trust that to Providence--where wrong is to be righted there must be no self between."

Ellery raised his head and looked through the gold-rimmed glasses into her clear grey eyes. "I think I have meant to tell all along, mother. It was only that you--"

His mother folded both his hands in hers. "I knew all through last night, Ellery, that thee meant to act the right part in the troubles. I saw thee on thy knees."

Ellery did not wait for supper. He ran down to John Marvin's room at the hotel and found him in conference with the inspector whom the company had sent out to look up the case. When Ellery told his story John Marvin's face cleared as at a burst of sunshine.

"I felt from the first that Clayton was the guilty man," he said to the inspector, "but I had absolutely not one jot of evidence to bring against him. If it hadn't been for this I might have gone to the penitentiary," he said to Ellery.

In the scene which took place the following day at the office, Clayton tried to turn the evidence against Ellery, as he himself had predicted, but the cross-questioning, and testimony as to his former record, familiar to other of the clerks who had been witnesses of his questionable methods, helped to break him down, and it ended in his open confession of the entire affair. He had committed the forgery himself and had carried through

his embezzlement with the aid of a friend who had cashed the check; then came his report to the company with Marvin's name coupled with the transaction.

The inspector who had come out to settle the affair for the company was instructed to put the entire matter into Marvin's hands, and as Clayton had a wife and child depending on him, the manager decided to spare him the punishment made liable by his crime, simply discharging him from the company's employ.

When the question came up as to the cashier's successor, the inspector mentioned Ellery's name.

"I think it would be a good choice," John Marvin said; "irrespective of his service to me in this case I should have been glad to suggest him for the position."

Two weeks later Ellery's appointment came, signed by the president of the company. It raised his salary to seventy-five dollars a month, an advance of thirty-five dollars over his former wages.

"Thee can see, Ellery," his mother said, when, at noon, he rushed into the house with his news, "thee can see that it is possible to rise without first stooping, yet, even if there had been no promotion, thee had meant to tell and in that thee was already risen."

*Josephine Spencer.*

#### THE WORLD'S LINGUISTIC PRODIGIES.

WHEN one considers the difficulty of acquiring even a "nodding acquaintance" with two or three languages, it seems almost incredible that some men should be able to speak with all the fluency of a native in twenty, and even fifty, strange tongues.

It is only a few months since Dr. Gott-

lieb Leitner, the most famous linguist of this generation, died at Bonn, in Germany. Dr. Leitner, who acted as interpreter to the British army in the Crimean war, could speak with equal facility in no fewer than fifty languages; and the more abstruse Eastern tongues he knew as intimately as his native German.

But there have been phenomenal linguists in all ages, from the far-away days of Mithridates, king of Pontus, who could converse with his subjects in each of their twenty-five different tongues; and from the days of Cleopatra, who never used an interpreter in her relations with the world's ambassadors.

Pico della Mirandola, a learned Italian of the fifteenth century, was eloquent in twenty-two languages; and M. Fulgence Fresnel was familiar with twenty.

In the seventeenth century, Nicholas Schmid, a German peasant, translated the Lord's Prayer into as many languages as there are weeks in a year; and in the next century Sir William Jones, an Englishman, could converse in twenty-eight different tongues.

Sir John Bowring knew every language and dialect of Europe; and Solomon C. Mahan, an English clergyman, when a boy of eighteen, could preach in thirteen languages; and in later years added to his store such widely diverse tongues as Arabic and Welsh, Syriac and Chinese, Japanese and Russian. His facility in mastering a new language was so great that within a fortnight he learned Armenian sufficiently well to be able to preach in it; and a month's study enabled him to preach in Georgian to a native congregation in the cathedral of Kutais.

The fame of Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," who died some twenty years ago, is still fresh in our memories. Bur-

ritt mastered Latin, Greek and French, while plying his hammer at the forge; and he made as light of translating Icelandic sagas as of shoeing a horse.

Of men who have mastered between ten and twenty languages the "name is legion." Chief among them are Postel, a French scholar, who was familiar with fifteen tongues; and Joseph Justus Scaliger, another Frenchman, who spoke like a native in thirteen strange tongues. Claude Duret was master of seventeen languages; and James Crichton, a Scotsman, could dispute learnedly in a dozen.

The greatest linguist of all time, however, was Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died half a century ago. Of him Byron wrote: "He is a monster of learning, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter."

Mezzofanti's linguistic range was so great that he could have conversed in a different tongue every week for two years without wasting his vocabulary. In all he was familiar with one hundred and fourteen languages and dialects, and in most of them he could speak with such accuracy and purity of accent that he might have been, and often was, mistaken for a native.

His knowledge of the language of a country was so intimate that he could tell from a man's speech what county or district he came from, and could converse with him in his own patois, so as to compel the belief that he, himself, was a native of the same province. He knew every language and dialect of Europe, even to Irish, Welsh, Wallachian and Bulgarian. He was intimately familiar with nearly all the Eastern tongues, even to Samaritan, Syriac, Chaldee and Sabaic; and he could speak Coptic, Abyssinian, Ethiopic and kindred languages as fluently as his native Italian.

This strange "psychological phenomenon" was not content merely to speak and to write his century of languages; he actually thought in them, one after the other. He found his knowledge of infinite use in administering spiritual comfort to the men of the many nationalities in the papal prisons.

If by any rare chance a prisoner spoke a language with which the cardinal was not familiar, he would immediately set to work to master it and within three weeks was able to hold fluent converse in it.

The cardinal's opinion was that "the learning of languages is less difficult than is generally thought; there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to direct attention, and when one has mastered them, the remainder follows with great facility." *Selected.*

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## THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

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### CHAPTER XVI.

THE afternoon of the Christmas day, little Mary begged permission to go around to every room and give the greetings of the day to all the colony.

Away she flew, running into every house, lingering a few moments to examine the presents of the children and to tell them what she had received.

In her pocket she had put all her scanty store of candy and nuts, and with the greatest delight she gave every one who said "Christmas gift" to her a tiny taste of her sweeties. The generosity and thrift of the child were both gratified by her gifts to the friends she met and the extreme care and impartiality with which she distributed them.

The manager's son Jack had a big pocketfull of candy, but his heart was

as big as his pocket; and when he found how near exhausted Mary's store was, he wanted to give her all he had.

"I won't take it, Jack; it's your Christmas."

"Well, all the Elders and everybody has had their share of candy and they are just mean to take yours."

"They had theirs, Jack, but they haven't had any of mine," she answered gravely. Which piece of childish reasoning silenced Jack.

Flying about from place to place, Jack and Mary came upon poor old Aiai standing under the shelter of the store door, and waiting patiently for the store to open, evidently unconscious of the fact that it was a holiday.

"What is it, Aiai?" asked Mary, her heart touched with the loneliness of the poor old half-witted creature.

"Makemake au i wahi bipi," (I want some beef.)

"It's Christmas," the children explained. But Aiai persisted in his request, saying he had nothing to eat with his poi.

"You stay here," said Mary, "and we'll go and get Brother Hyde."

Away they ran; but Brother Hyde positively refused to go. It was a holiday, and Aiai and all the rest of the natives must wait till next day to get into the store.

Jack looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Jack. What was to be done in this dilemma?

The thought of anybody going hungry on Christmas day was more than Mary could bear.

"You come with me, Jack," she said, as Jack himself offered no solution to the difficulty, although she wondered a little that he did not; "you come with me over to my house, and we'll get something for him."

Although she spoke quite confidently, Mary quailed a little at the thought of approaching her mother, for Mrs. Argyle was feared a little by her children as yet. And Mary was not quite sure how her request would be met.

However, she assumed a brave air, and went boldly in the kitchen where the chicken was sputtering in the oven, and the plum pudding was bubbling in the pot for the four o'clock dinner.

"Mother," said Mary, with the directness of childhood, "poor old Aiai hasn't any meat to eat, and it's Christmas and he can't get into the store."

"Of course he can't," calmly responded the mother, busy with her table setting.

Something more must be said; so after a moment's pause, Mary ventured as boldly as she could:

"Mother, couldn't you give Aiai my share of chicken? He's hungry, and old and lonesome."

A sharp refusal was on the tip of the mother's tongue, but one glance into the uplifted, pleading, grey eyes of her little daughter stayed the word on her lips. She sat down at once and said:

"Come here, dear, and tell me all about it."

"Well, you know," went on the voluble little tongue, encouraged now and triumphant, "we found old Aiai over by the store waiting for the door to open. And he's been there all day, or maybe part of the day," remembering to be more exact in her words, "and we can't make him understand it's Christmas, and Brother Hyde won't open the door; and Jack and I thought we'd get him something, and so we've come over here."

Mrs. Argyle knew that any of the natives would supply the old fellow's lack if it were made known to them, for they were a generous people and very



kind to each other. Yet the sweet, generous impulses of her girl's heart must not be checked.

So, kissing her fondly and whispering in her ear, "my little missionary," the mother took a pan, drew out the chicken and cut off a generous portion, added a loaf of fresh, brown bread, a custard pie and a piece of fruit cake.

Covering it all with a clean napkin, she sent the happy children off on their errand of love and mercy.

As they went chattering out of the house, the mother said, softly:

"'A little child shall lead them.' My Mary is teaching me many lessons."

The two children deposited their gift in the hands of Aiai, who almost cried as he said over and over:

"Mahalo, mahalo mui." (Thanks, many thanks.)

Jack, who was quite as generous as Mary, began emptying his pocket of candy into Aiai's hands, anxious to share in the Lady Bountiful business.

Mary checked him.

"Now, Jack, you can give him some; but not all. You mustn't give all you have away, ever. You'll never have anything for yourself or your family if you give away everything, you know."

Jack kept a little back, thus admonished, although he tried to coax Mary to have it; but she was obdurate. Thrifty child, she was early developing the Yankee traits of her character.

The next mail brought the news that some visitors were coming down from Utah to spend the winter. The Exile's daughter, pretty Donnette, and Brother Davis' wife and child, would be on the next ship.

The Exile's trip on Maui would be over just in time for him and Brother Davis to meet the mail boat, and bring their dear ones over to Laie.

The carriage was sent out, and everybody was anxious to see the newcomers. Some one from home, sweet, dear home, was such a welcome sight to homesick eyes.

The two weeks went slowly by. New Year's day came and passed.

Mrs. Argyle found material for stories for nearly a week in the various New Year festivals kept by different people. She told them of the Yule log of the early Britons; the burning wheel of straw which the Saxons used to set rolling down the hill to commemorate the return of the sun.

Then the story of the Jewish New Year; and the festivals kept by many nations at the beginning of another year.

Not putting much confidence in the resolutions which so often begin with the first day of the year and end with the fourth day, the mother did not mention that common feature of the modern New Year. But she permitted the children to sit up with Papa and herself and see the old year out and the new year in. In order to keep them awake, the parents made sugar candy; pulled it white as snow, and then braided it and made candy men and animals.

"What a blessed thing it is, Jane, to take all our pleasure with our children beside us!" said the father as he floured the sticky little hands for the fifth time.

"Yes; do you remember what your dear little mother said to us, Thomas, the day we were married? Take comfort every day together, she said. Don't wait for tomorrow or some other better time to come, but take a little comfort every day together. We've done that, haven't we?"

The husband stopped in his work to give his wife a kiss and fond caress and the children looked on with approving eyes.

Loving little Tommy couldn't stand it; he had to have his share of the love-making. So rushing up, regardless of sticky hands or candied mouth, he hugged both parents around the legs, until they took him up and kissed him over and over.

Then Mary and Allan had to have their share, and then they all trooped in to look at sweet little sleeping Joey and the father gently kissed the little hand thrown out of the mosquito bar, drove out the two mosquitoes which had crept in and tucked the little one up.

"What a silly family we are, Jane; always making love to each other, aren't we?"

"Yes, dear, I dare say some folks would call us silly. But I hope we will be silly just this way, all through the endless ages of eternity."

"When I marry, Mama, I want to marry my Papa," answered Mary, who always enjoyed the little love scenes between her parents. "My Papa is just right for me;" whereat they all laughed, and Papa kissed her fondly.

"I can't bear to think of my Mary marrying anybody," he said; "it would break Papa's heart, I fear."

"Well, I'll marry you," said she, innocently.

"All right," he responded, unwilling to spoil the childish delusion. "That's a bargain, Mary. You hear it, Mama, don't you?"

The days drifted on, and at last the long-looked-for day arrived, and with the late afternoon came the travelers.

Mary and Jack discovered the first sight of the cavalcade as it came in sight below the promontory. They gave the word everywhere, being joined by the rest of the children as they ran from door to door.

The mail came with the travelers, so

everybody was soon gathered on the mission house porch.

What a joy to the Exile's wife, separated as she had been for a year from the rest of her family, to see one of her dear daughters! And Brother Davis' wife was her sister. So her joy was full.

The little children found another friend and companion in little Helen, although the child was tired and shy, now so far away from home, and so many new faces to meet and become familiar with.

Donnette Hale was a tall girl, rapidly growing taller, with golden brown eyes, not so beautiful as Ina's, but still fine and expressive. A suite of the most beautiful red-gold hair ever seen was combed severely back over her face in rather an unbecoming style and the long, heavy braids were either simply twisted around her shapely head, or hanging in two braids down her back.

What a crowd of people they were, then! Forty white people, all told, and all missionaries, too! But most of them had not yet grasped the kernel of the true missionary's experience; the loss of self in the loving desire to serve others and make them happy. Nearly all were intent on their own concerns solely. Sister Hale had learned her lesson of unselfishness in the plural family of her kind husband, and well had she profited by it. The others would learn, some day, some way. God teaches those lessons to us all, if we only have humility to read well the experience given.

Feasts and frolics followed the advent of the newcomers. Candy-pulls at the mission house, cake and lemonade with merry evenings of sport and games filled up nearly every evening. Excursions into the gulches, and sea-baths every day made the days pass gaily by.

*Homespun.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Our Little Folks.

## SAVING MOTHER.

### A Piece for Recitation.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;  
His face was ruddy and full and fair.  
His three small boys in the chimney's nook  
Conned the lines of a picture-book;  
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,  
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,  
Laid the table and steeped the tea,  
Deftly, swiftly, silently;  
Tired and weary and weak and faint,  
She bore her trials without complaint,  
Like many another household saint—  
Content, all selfish bliss above  
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke  
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

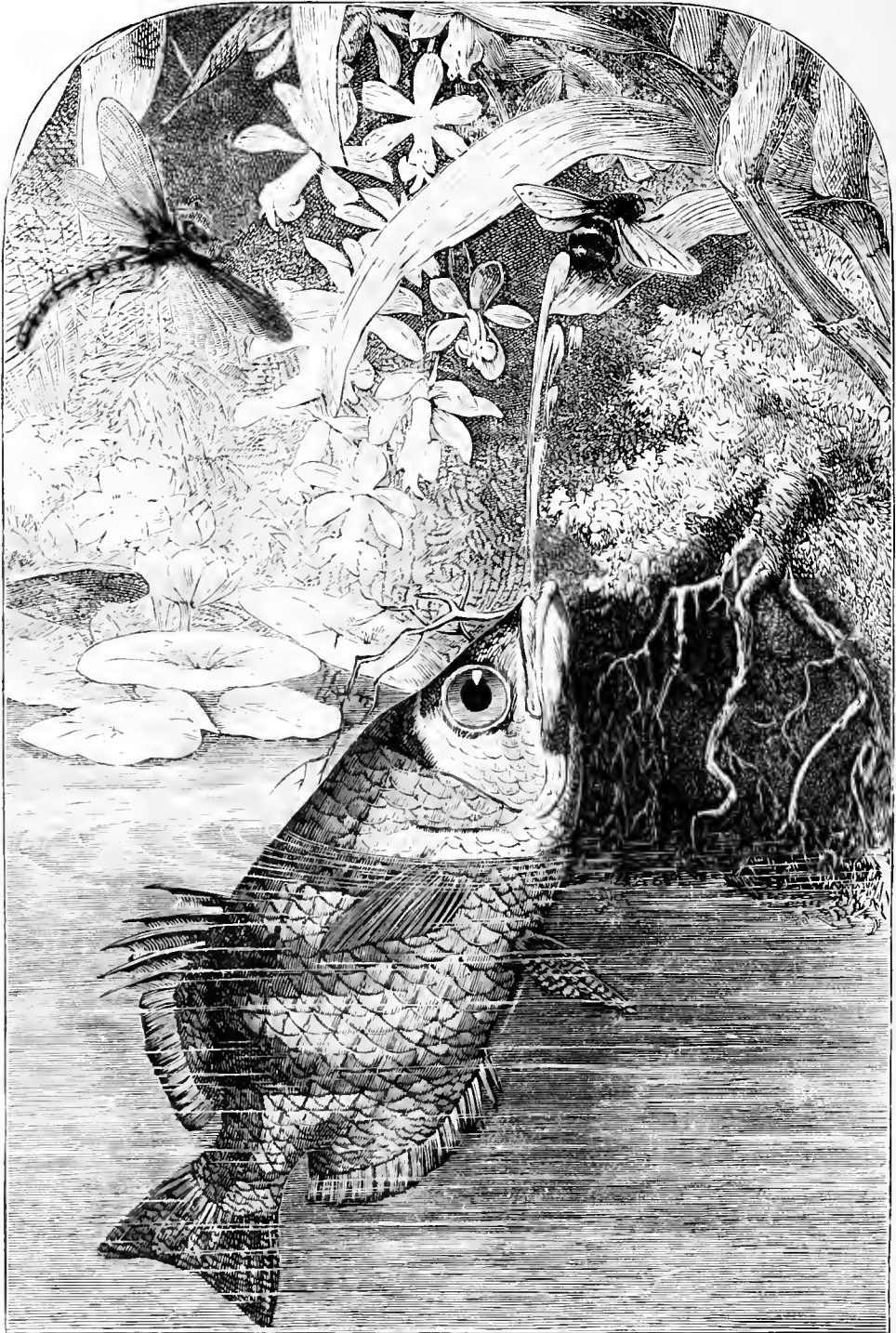
"There's taxes to raise, and interes' to pay—  
And ef there should come a rainy day,  
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,  
T' have sumphthin' put by. For folks must die,  
An' there's funeral bills and gravestuns to buy—  
Enough to swamp a man purty nigh.  
Besides, there's Edward an' Dick an' Joe  
To be provided for when we go.  
So 'f I was you, I'll tell you what I'd du:  
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—  
Extry fires don't do any good—  
I'd be savin' of soap and savin' of ile,  
And run up candles once in a while.  
I'd rather be sparin' of coffee and tea,  
    For sugar is high,  
    And all to buy,  
And cider is good enough drink for me;  
And I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es,  
And look out sharp how the money goes—  
Gewgaws is useless, natur knows;  
    Extry trimmin'  
    'S the bane of women.

I'd sell off the best of cheese and honey,  
And eggs is as good nigh about's the money;  
And as to the carpet you wanted new,  
I guess we can make the old one do.  
And as to the washer an sewin'-machine,  
Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky mean,  
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean.

What do they know about women's work?  
Do they calkilate women was born to shirk?"  
Dick and Edward and little Joe  
Sat in the corner in a row.  
They saw the patient mother go  
On ceaseless errands to and fro;  
They saw that her form was bent and thin,  
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;  
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—  
And then with a wrath he could not smother  
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:  
    You talk of savin' wood an' ile,  
    An' soap an' sugar all t're while,  
    But you never talk of savin' mother!"

## ADOPTION OF A LAMB BY A DOG.

A DOCTOR in France relates an interesting case of adoption between different species of animals. It is well known that in such cases extremes occasionally meet,—as, for instance, when a cat adopts young rats, notwithstanding the proverbial enmity of these two kinds of animals. In the case cited, the circumstances were less extraordinary, but they are still curious. The case is one of the adoption of a lamb by a female dog. The latter had a litter of pups, which had been killed, as the owner did not desire to keep them. On the same farm was a newly born lamb, whose mother had just died. The experiment of giving the dog charge of the lamb occurred to some one, and was very successful, the latter taking a great fancy to its mother by adoption. At the time when the case came under observation the dog was running about in the court-yard, going from her master to the gate of the sheepfold and barking joyously. To her barks the bleating of the lamb responded from the inside of the fold. The gate having been opened, there ran out a lamb, three weeks old, which, bleating gaily and wagging its tail, ran toward its foster-mother and endeavored to nurse. The dog caressed the lamb, and, lying



THE ARCHER-FISH.

down, allowed it to take nourishment. The repast being finished, the lamb remained lying between the paws of the dog, who set industriously to work to wash her adopted child.

---

#### A SHARP-SHOOTER OF THE SEA.

THERE are many kinds of fishes in the sea, and some of them have strange habits and odd ways of getting a living. There is one called the fishing frog, which has a kind of angling rod attached to its head, at the end of which is a glistening flag. This as it is waved to and fro attracts smaller fishes, and thereby they become the prey of the cunning deceiver. Then there is the sword-fish, which with its strong lance attached to its upper jaw, can kill its prey or stab its enemies.

Another peculiar fish is the one represented on the opposite page. It is called the archer-fish on account of its faculty of throwing a drop of water with sure aim at insects, thus causing them to fall to the water, where they are seized as prey. It is not a large fish, and is shown nearly full sized in the picture. It can hurl a drop of water to the height of from four to five feet. This fish is found in the Indian archipelago, and the Chinese residents of Java sometimes keep it in jars for their amusement. They place insects within its range for the purpose of seeing it shoot them with its ever ready weapon.

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#### FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: My little brother Cavendish is four years old, and can talk very plainly, except that he cannot

sound the letter "l." The other day he saw the moon in the day-time, and all the Letter-Box boys and girls know how pale and white it is when the sun is shining. He looked at it quite a while, and then he cried out: "He-yo! there's the moon—onyey it ain't yit yet."

*Dan Cannon, age 10.*

---

EPHRAIM, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am 8 years old and go to Sunday School, which I enjoy very much, also to day school, where I am in the third reader. On Arbor Day I planted a plum-tree and helped my sister plant some flowers. My papa is on a mission, and has been gone for 15 months. I help my brothers with the work.

*Francis Emmanuel Anderson.*

---

PAROWAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Please may I tel dear Allie Johnson about the "thimble party" we had on my birthday? I invited my friends to bring their thimbles. We all commenced just at the same time to sew carpet rags and in one hour the one having the largest ball got a thimble; the second prize was also a thimble. Then we had a good romp and picnic. When Sister Ivy was eleven, we each one worked a butterfly, that was stamped for us, the best getting a pair of small scissors. Quilt blocks or any needle work is nice for larger girls; then we learn something as well as enjoy ourselves.

Lovingly,

*A. Nevada Watson.*

P. S. I would like Allie Johnson to come to my next party.

---

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DEAR LETTER-BOX: I thought I would write you a letter to let you know

what a nice place this is. We have good Sunday Schools and Primarys and good teachers. They teach us the principles of the Gospel as they were taught by the Savior while here on earth. I wish you could come out to Vernal and see our beautiful valley and lovely homes.

Yours truly,

*Louie Fern Atwood, age 10 years.*

PAROWAN.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I too would fain come into the children's corner; it is so devoid of guile, so replete with loving simplicity, that one is readily convinced that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Dear little brothers and sisters, though a mother of a large family I just enjoy reading your letters. I measure and judge you by their contents, and oftentimes my heart is drawn out with much tenderness towards the youthful writer, though I may not have ever seen the child; its signature may serve as a tracer and reminder, of its parents and my own childhood days. For instance, some time ago I noticed a letter from San Juan Co., written by Lucretia Lyman. I quickly recognized that the little lady bore the Christian name of her mother's mother, and knew she must be a daughter of Elder Platte Lyman, a brother who was a missionary to England when I was a little girl and often visited my father's home. I regarded him with profound awe and thought him a master piece of our Spirit Father's creation; I knew he had brought the real Gospel message, and it was then I first received a testimony of the truth. Before Brother Lyman was released my father's family gathered to Zion. My First Sabbath School teacher was Sister Adelia Robison, who after-

wards became the wife of Elder Platte Lyman. How I loved her! I remember telling my sister that I was sure "God had made her just for a Sunday School teacher." No doubt she has found herself equally qualified for other important positions since then.

I could pen many instances of the Letter-Box children awakening feelings of interest in me, that might otherwise have slept. It has given me pleasure to read the many beautiful testimonies regarding the power of healing that has been manifested in the homes of the children. I sometimes think there are more having faith in the ordinance of the laying on of hands for the restoration of health than any other principle. Many who do not prove by their works their faith in the restored Gospel, in times of affliction flee for the Elders and I ask myself the question, is it fear, experiment, or faith? How I would like to see if we can have as many testimonies respecting the necessity of tithing, and if the JUVENILE readers show their faith by their works! I am not acquainted with any instances where people get frightened into attending to this duty even for the preservation of life for loved ones as in the principle of healing by faith and prayer. All the children of the Saints, particularly over eight years of age, should be provided with some way of earning and paying their tithes; it is so much easier to implant such teachings in the supple mind of the little one—it will grow and develop with the subject until it becomes a part of their make-up.

I had intended writing more on this essential theme, but I find when my ideas are upon paper they consume too much space for one letter so I will defer until another time.

*E. Crane Watson.*

**S**OMETIMES when you have lame back and feel poorly, you stop working for the day. But all you do is take the rest and go right to work again when the symptoms quiet down. That is no way to head off a terrible disease that is fastening its grip upon you. Stop the first leak or you lose the ship.

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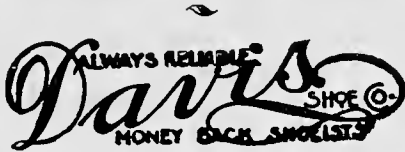
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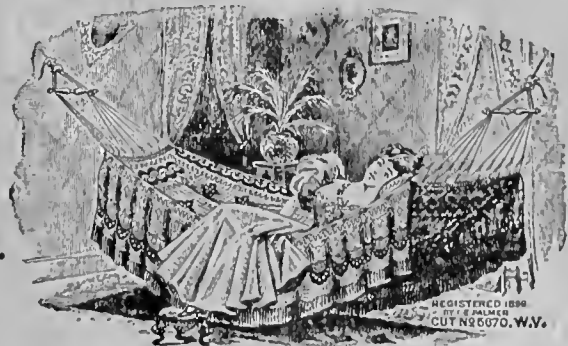


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